THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

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VOLUME XII. PHILADELPHIA, MAY 1, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1031.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Two Trees.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

One—a little shining harp
Of sunny tinted Hair,
As bright as the 'a manner of
Of sunshine linger'd there.

The other is a mossy trunk,
A rock, a dark brown hill,
A assignment of light, and thus,
With that for lack of gold.

Thick trees come crowding to my eyes,
While still I fondly gaze
On those remembrances of the past.
These leaves of earlier days.

A very little while ago
The ring of golden hair,
Sported, a shining, living thing
With every breeze of air.

I've roused it many a thousand time
Its sister curls await,
When bounding close like living rhyme
Each one, the other led.

The mossy fold of darker dye,
I've lingered o'er with care,
For a few threads of paler hue
Have struck t that dark brown lair.

I've cherished it with many heart,
And watched it day by day,
And prayed, that time might fail to steal
One flower it found away.

They're very different—but they feel
Are precious to my heart,
A token, and a happiness,
They look at times apart.

One—calls a little creature back
From our bonnie spirit,
That's gone to swell the wages of praise
Among God's holy train.

The other—keeps a parted friend,
Loved long, and cherish'd dear,
Looking that pre-ence wanderer's heart,
With many a heart pulse here.

I love them both—but between cold chill
With looks of shining gold,
And the dear one, whose whose brow,
Flouted the dark brown fold.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Fiend's Night.

A Tradition of the Atlantic.

THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all the deeds they do remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffin'd, and unknown!

CHILDE HAROLD.

"Ah-h-h! All lost!" to person, to person, I tell you!—Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea-room for a single spoonful of that brandy and water!—The wife above be done! but I would fain do a death.

I have come to persuade you to return with a, and a fair young creature, whom misery has, under doubly annoyed by sympathy, ray through the fashionable I had dried, and down by the mourner's side.

Helen Trevor was the only daughter of a widow gentleman, who, at the period of which I speak, lived in his original mansion, a short ride from the port of Vancouverton. The latter stood on the bend of a bay, or more precisely sound, who mediately in part of the sea shore, which, for some thirty in length, cut off from the ocean a beautiful little peninsula, the high and well wooded chain, stretch along our Atlantic shore, to Cape Cod to the Hatteras.

If ever there was a beautiful being it was Helen Trevor. She was now eighteen, and as lovely an a fashion manner might. Her form was slight, but of rare womanhood. Her features were classic, regular, with dark lustrous eyes, and hair of the color which, like a German virgin's, was brushed of glossy raven hair. Her neck and bust were full and exquisite. They might have been chiseled by a Grecian artist, and even above the rich pearly lip, was the smile that lightened up and elated her countenance whenever she spoke. Apt to be dreamed of such a one when longing for the ideal of the sexcuish maiden. And now as she looked up into the old woman's haggard countenance, her whole face beaming with compassion, you might have thought her a spirit from heaven, sent to illumine for a brief period, this dark and sinful world.

The being by her side was the wife of a fisherman, well known on the coast as "Old Tom Bailey." He lived on a lone, island beach, following the lonely livelihood, and engaged in the unlucky duty of the storms which so often and so fiercely swept on from the Atlantic. There were strange whispers afloat of his reasons for choosing so desolate a spot. Men said that many a stout bark came on the beach when the weather was thick, and the night dark and on the cold, snowy nights of winter, when the keen blasts were roaring and howling, Bailey mounted on a shrouded horse, and bearing a lantern on his head, would ride slowly up and down on the beach. Few, however, knew this except from report. The tale, nevertheless, grew darker. Some hinted of mysterially lights, strange noises, and an old man with the voice of a child—while others only said that the false lights seen along the beach were from Bailey's hearth.

But what did Helen Trevor at such a place! In early life, while visiting with a nurse in the bay, her head had been captured, and her heart lost, by the interference of old Barney, they would have been one. Her father's gratification at the match was no bounds. But nothing could endure the ill feeling from his desolate home. He mounted his horse in the squire, and returned doubly mad, and singular as it may seem, it kind of attached the young girl to the hearts of tom and his wife towards the little Perhaps if new hesitation they had nothing like to love. Once or twice, with her father, she had visited the beach. But time passed on. Helen Trevor had grown into womanhood and beauty. She now rarely saw Tom Bailey, the fisherman's grandson, who was now to be the guide of young affection, and beloved by all, but had passed away like a beautiful dream of fancy. It began, too, to be whispered that a young man had distinguished himself by his gallant conduct in the battle of Lundy's Lane, and that his name was about to wed her. The poor fisherman who lived on her bounty, and dreaded her removal, wept at the rumor.

One day, a lately, well-known pilot of the town of the coast, who would be called Captain Hatton, was announced as wishing to speak to her friend Mrs. Barney. She descended to the old woman's sitting-room, and found the old man with his head bowed, and his face hidden in his hands. She hastened to him in the late gale, and no one since the dread of him.

"And how is Alec?" inquired Helen, anxiously.

"That's what I was wishing to speak of, Miss," said Eph, in voice but low, and in a tone of sadness. "Alec is mortal hard,—the old man's naturally hard, and she looks a like as if he'd been broke down with. He's power here them two did last there no long."

"Poor thing!" sighed Helen.

The sailor wiped his eyes with the sleeves of his jacket and paused irresolutely. At length he boldly up, he added, "We are aboard she'll do something wrong of a like—and with herself, she's no one there but old Katrine—the hound, old—and may be, if you. Miss Helen, could just go there you might have a talk with her, and may that more. A word from such great folk would do what none of us can do."

"Too bold!"

"No, indeed, my good man," said Helen, smiling through her sadness, "and to prove it I will go with you." It was but a few minutes ere all the bustle, and she might be back by sundown. Besides had not her lady been moved by the mourning man, and should now she desert his widow in her extremity? The parent was desperate, but she did not doubt that would approve of her determination. So taking her only and little brother for company, she departed on her mission. Eph loaded her on the low, sandy shore, and, promising to call for her by evening, Helen and Alec passed gallantly away.

Slowly she raised the latch and entered the low door. In one corner, her face buried in her hands, and the mourner, the picture of sorrow and aged desolation. She did not seem to hear the intruder.

"Ah! Alec!" and Ellen again, kindly.

It was a moment before the mourner moved.—But the kindness of the young being at her side finally overpowered her. After a vain struggle she yielded to her feelings, the log tears rushed into her eyes, and she had hardly strength to unclasp the delicate one laid soothingly on her own. It was a touching sight. The fond grave of her smothered grief were broken down, and it was fearful to see her weep. Poor, poor old mourner! Mingling her tears with the widow's as they came rolling through the aged wrinkles of her cheek, with a sympathy, spirit, strove to comfort that desolate old heart. Imperceptibly she drew her away from her sorrowful seat at last and succeeded in placing her on the bench in the evening. Such kindness the old, but not insensible being could not withstand, and with a feeling that she had found a friend, a feeling, that, poor thing! had not warmed her since her mother's heart for years, she surmoured her thanks and stole into the large room, as Helen's entered, to seek a little rest. As the stir had already for some hours roused the sensible, the maid-servant, the little brother's hasten, strolled out upon the beach to look for the expected sail.

They wandered unconsciously to the extremity end of the island-beach. The fresh salt breeze flanning her cheek and the play of the waves about her, frightening the wild sea fowl from the edge of the surf, and holding up his shell to the ear, Helen, like brother's hasten, strolled out upon the beach to look for the expected sail.

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Meanwhile the evening wore on. Hour after hour Helen sat on the lone tenement listening to the gale. Alec, worn out with grief and physical fatigue, had forgotten her acrosses in another bed, in one-sooms in the low chamber above. Helen's little brother had fallen asleep in her lap, his sunny countenance, half hidden in curls, turned aside from the mourner's gaze. Helen's own heart was overflowing the mother's thoughts. She had stood around the room, and within was sadness. A faint light threw a melancholy glare around, and Helen felt her lonely, unprotected situation, and a thousand apprehensions crossed her bosom. A vague sensation of alarm stole over her, and as the wind now shrieked by, now died far away with its hollow sound, seemed to her excited imagination like the wailings of departed spirits over the lost fisherman. She breathed hard. Shadowy forms of the dead crowded to her side, and then vanished again

ORDAY POST.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our friends to a large number of the subscribers to the very large impression of this day, which subscribers have been made in so, for home use per, and for the quality of the finds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

I want to know still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the Volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by back balances. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will be in the year 1842—all together, and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

A Word for Ourselves.

We appear before the public in an entirely new dress, and as much enlarged, that we *feel quite big*," albeit, as modest as a maiden, at the popping of the question. And this is a very great improvement, we like to see the expanding of the whole courtship herself, and has brought the willing, though unsuspecting swain to her feet, at the calculated spot, we trust we shall find favor in the eyes of the public, *for a liberty*" at our unexpected good luck.

We have also commenced the year with the hope that we are materially much larger—and more *tolerable*. Not that we have any intension of soliciting proposals. Thank you kindly, but we are single now, however, and if people will take the very paper which we choose to rule, in preference to another, *is that any fault of ours?* Trusting that we may get good terms with all the world, and with the readers of the Saturday Evening Post particularly, for a more generous, jolly, good natured "set of fellow" do not exist, we say add, if we "must beg favors from our books, people who hold on to life, with more tenacity, and prosper by pay their debts. Many of these subscribers have been for nearly TWENTY FIVE YEARS, and our interest is bound to them by their families as a matter of course. To many of these we owe little or nothing, but many owe all without a shilling, who fails to take and pay for the paper.

We have stated at a glance, that with people of such advantages for honesty and constancy, it is easy to get along comfortably, provided a man does his duty by them, and that all we have to do is keep the best list of subscribers in the country, *is to publish the best paper.*

Therefore we are disposed to do so, we have made up our minds, shall be to keep the Post up with the spirit of the age, and not by idleness or inactivity, suffer our patrons to be left behind by new competitors in the race. And the distinguished favor which has been shown us by the public, and by with us, through all kinds of opposition, and in all times of trouble.

In the present embarrassed state of the Country, and confusion in finance, it is a matter of pride, to see how many feel the importance of having a paper regularly. Formerly, a newspaper was not the first thing out from the list of expenses in a family, that could be dispensed. Now, it is a necessary of the household, and a man would consider himself disgracing his family's moral a day, than the means to support a knowledge of what is going on the world around him, and all the second hand.

The number of subscribers to the Saturday Post now exceeds SEVENTY THOUSAND, and we intend to have it SEVENTY FIVE THOUSAND before the close of the year. Many of these are scattered in small towns and villages, where they are nearly TWENTY FIVE YEARS, and our interest is bound to them

SATURDAY POST.

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Travelling Agents.

...Dr. Isaac H. Tiffany, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Godey's Magazine in the place of R. J. Gatewood, deceased. Mr. Tiffany is an old and tried friend to the Saturday Evening Post, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

...T. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by C. H. P. Shaw and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and others may call upon them at their residence, or address a letter to any one of them, and it will receive prompt attention.

...Thomas Sutton, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Godey's Magazine, and is authorized to receive new subscriptions, and renewals by settling their accounts with him.

...C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent in that city, has resumed and will receive new subscribers at the Store of Olive and Jackson, recently occupied by H. M. Lewis and M. Morton.

...R. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin territories.

...S. H. Stevenson and John F. Jones for Kentucky.

...W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and Tennessee.

...Alanson Billings, Ex-Comptroller of the State of New York, is our agent for the above counties.

...L. Turner is our agent for Louisiana. Any person who may be authorized to act as agents of ours will please inform us of the same.

Local Agents.

...B. McIlvaine, Esq. of Maysville, Ky. is agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Godey's Magazine, and is specially commissioned him.

...W. Rice are agent for the Post and Magazine at Fayetteville, N. C. Subscribers at said place will oblige us by paying him their subscriptions.

...T. Clark, Esq. of Milton, Northumberland county Pa. is agent for the Post and Graham's Magazine at that place.

...D. A. Buckley, of Jacksonville, Ill. is the agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Godey's Magazine. All the above gentlemen have our full confidence, and to them we refer those wishing to subscribe.

...Wm. H. Ivey, Jr. Adams, New York is duly authorized to receive names for the Saturday Evening Post and Godey's Magazine.

To Correspondents.

...Name or Place." in file for insertion.

...Mary." shall appear at an early date.

..." H. J. R." cannot appear. His rhymes have nothing of poetry in them.

..." Tax Payer." next week.

...The article on "Religion" is under consideration.

..." Warrior." is respectfully declined.

..." Sonnet." has been received. It is under consideration.

Sailing of Frigates.

We alluded last week to the experiment in size and armament, of the new ships in our own navy, and called attention to the fact, that in the case of a war, that vessels of the same armament would be of the same advantage, except as to the bravery and skill of the crew. We have at hand, however, some interesting information, in relation to the new ships of the English and American navies, that cannot also is decidedly against us. A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who contributes the comparison that alludes to the matter.

"The celerity of the ships and vessels built in the United States (he remarks) is, doubtless, a fact that is proverbial in every nation. In the last war with Great Britain, our vessels, built for speed, were encountered in the British Channel harassing, sinking and destroying an immense amount of property, and diminishing the Channel's every trade of the supplies from Ireland; and, if I mistake not, all but one returned in safety. This was accomplished by brave hearts and swift vessels. Since that time the British navy has profited by it, and is building a Navy even sharper than the pilot-boat models of our own country, and to engineer United States. Gunwales, Potomac, &c. were accounted fast sailers; but the question arises how will the new frigate stand the test? I am not for entering into when it is too late, let us compare ships.—The table below will show the relative proportion between the United States frigate Potomac and the British ship Vernon—both ships of the same class, number of guns, and weight of metal, and the same number of men. The following comparison would be the result, should they be at sea, as to their sailing qualities:—

	Potomac.	Vernon.
Length on deck, in feet	175	176
Breadth extreme	46 10	50 60
Tonnage of present tonnage section, in dungeon	1844	2283
Mean Draft of water, in feet	20 50	21 25
Total weight of equipment and ship	1300 tons	2564 tons
Area of greatest transverse section, in feet	629	667
Area of sails, in square feet	10,588	28,721
No. of square feet of sails to every square foot of the greatest transverse section	17 14	40.09
No. of square feet to every ton weight of the ship	8 95	10 44
Height of centre of Effort above Load Line	73.39	78.47
Ditto in proportion to breadth of beam	1.59	1.49

"From it will be seen that the Vernon has the advantage of the Potomac in the motive power, that she is to have a sail for every square foot of her greatest section, or beam, with but a few square feet more or her tonnage, while the Potomac has a little advantage in this item, in proportion to their breadth of beam. They did not succeed in getting out the weight of the stores as soon as they can get to the frigates) it will be necessary to add to the Potomac's efficiency. I am very sure the populace would hang any one they could ascertain was engaged in that hateful affair!

American Steamers.

The Diplomatic body & the President.

On Saturday last President Tyler was waited on by the diplomatic body, when, in the absence of Mr. Fox, who was detained, by illness, at home, Mr. Bodisco, Russian Minister, appeared at their head, and delivered the following address:

"Mr. President: The United States having been suddenly deprived of its supreme head, the Constitution has immediately vested the Chief Magistrate's office.

"The Diplomatic Corps has the honor to appear before you, Sir, to express their sincere wishes of supporting through you, Sir, again, its concern in the melancholy event which has just been unexpectedly announced to you from the bosom of the American People. The Diplomatic Corps begs leave, Sir, to assure you, Mr. President, that your Administration may be distinguished by the same wisdom and firmness which have made the nation, and by a constant increase in the prosperity of the United States.

"The Diplomatic Corps embraces this opportunity, Mr. President, to offer you the expression of its earnest desire to meet your confidence and esteem.

As soon as Mr. Bodisco had ceased, the President, in a graceful and appropriate manner, made the subjoined reply.

"Mr. Minister: In my character of Chief Magistrate of the United States, I receive with pleasure the assurances which you, as the organ of the Diplomatic Corps, have given me. I have to return to the Diplomatic Corps, whom on this occasion you represent, my sincere acknowledgments for their expression of confidence on account of the bereavement which has befallen me and the whole country.

"The death of its late lamented and illustrious President, has devolved upon me the duty of expressing the most earnest desire, as his constitutional successor, to cultivate with the representatives of other nations the most friendly relations which can so happily subsist between our respective countries.

"The People of the United States regard their own prosperity as identified with that of their friends and the family of nations, and the cultivation of the friendly and mutual amity as the best mode of advancing their own interests.

"I sincerely desire that the residence of the Diplomatic Corps near me, at this Government, may be rendered agreeable to them, to accomplish which nothing shall be wanting on my part."

The members of the corps diplomatique were then severally presented to the President, who spoke to each of them in a few words, expressive of the pleasure he felt in their personal acquaintance.

Dreadful Intimation.

A terrible tragedy of blood occurred last Wednesday, in Sumner, Oxford county, Me. where Mr. Moses Burtwell, hitherto a highly respectable citizen of that town, murdered his wife and two children, while two other children of the family only escaped destruction by flight. He then killed himself. The cause of the horrible deed is unknown, but it is said, at this late hour, that the murderer's insanity was to save the expense of the approaching end of the year.

...remained to be seen.

Mysterious Occurrence.

A late number of the Jackson, Miss. True Issue, contains the following strange account.

"On Tuesday last our attention was attracted by an unusual throng in front of the Capitol; upon inquiring into its cause, we were informed that a man named Clark, had procured a "habeas corpus," in order to obtain his liberation from prison, in which he had been incarcerated under a charge of murder.

The facts of the case, as developed in testimony, are of a character sufficiently horrible to be learned afterward, even upon so strange a tale of romance, as is often presented in real life. The individual said to be murdered, is an old man, aged about sixty, named Gleason, and said to be the father of the present member of that name, who has some notoriety in the early history of our country. The parties all reside in Rankin county, in this State, and the individuals charged with the murder, are the prisoner, Clark, a negro man named Solomon, who belonged to Gleset, and the deceased. The State's most important witness, is the daughter of the wife charged with the murder of the deceased. We do not feel at liberty to give any of the testimony, lest it tend to prejudice on side or other of the cause, but will merely state, that as against Clark, it was entirely circumstantial, yet of such a character as to induce the judge to require him to give bail, in a penalty of five thousand dollars. A portion of the testimony as connected with the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, but which led to their apprehension were as follows:—

About fifteen months since, the deceased disappeared quite suddenly, no search so, indeed, as to arouse suspicion of foul play, although his absence was noticed by his family and neighbors. He was supposed to South, Carolina, where he once resided. Time rolled on, and the matter was forgotten, when the prisoner Clark, while in conversation with a negro man named Solomon, and among other things, said to Texas, that he had killed his father, the father of the present member of that name, a Gleason, who told him that he could find the body in South Carolina, but was afraid to do so, as he would be arrested and hung. Clark, it is said, then told him that he had buried the body in the cellar of the old mansion, with a discovery of the fact.

Which his daughter had witnessed.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

There was little business of importance transacted during the closing days of the session.

Harrisburg, April 26.

Senate.—The Revenue bill finally passed the House, and is now before the House for concurrence in amendments. A large number of amendments were made by the Senate to the bill, but the Democratic members generally voted in accordance of the public works as soon as the appropriations were exhausted.

Mr. Reed offered an amendment to the bill, to authorize the Governor to appoint Stockholders of the U. S. Bank, to make an assignment of their assets and wind up their affairs, and to appoint Trustees for that purpose. The motion was agreed to by a vote of 13 to 14.

Mr. Fleming introduced a bill to authorize the Monongahela Navigation Company to borrow money. Referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals.

Harrisburg, April 27, 1841.

The revenue bill, which has occupied so much of the weeks of the session, is now in the hands of a committee of conference, consisting of Messrs. Reed, Kingsbury, Fleming, Cunningham and Darlington on the part of the Senate, and Messrs. Wm. T. Johnston, Low, Wright, Cox and Barr of the House. This committee will report to their respective bodies before the 1st of June.

Resolution of Thanks.—The Guardians of the Poor have passed a vote of thanks to Dr. Mott for his donation of fifty dollars, and exclusive to make a further reduction next year.

New Hope Cantabrian.—Messrs. Young and Weiser were on Wednesday sworn in as Hall Constables of the city, under the appointment of the Recorder.

General News.

Liability of Railroad Companies.—A case of some importance has recently been tried in Charleston, S. C. in which the jury found a verdict against the Company on the rail-road had lag crushed so badly that an amputation was necessary. It was caused by gross carelessness on the chief engineer, and partly by accident. The verdict was for a pecuniary compensation caused by their servant, (the engineer in chief) and his fellow servants, and that he had no fear on the ground that the company was liable for the acts of its servants, and as well as to the public. This decision will be taken from the decision, and the case was re-argued before the Court of Error, and the judges reversed the former decision, giving their reasons at large, and thus settling the question as a precedent perfect if there ever should have, viz: that the company is not accountable to its servants for the acts of its servants.

Interesting Fact.—The Rev. Mr. Bacon, in an address on the death of President Harrison, at New Haven, mentioned the fact that General Harrison was a descendant of Hugo Governi Thurmond, who was one of the members of the British Parliament who signed the death warrant of King Charles. The descendants of Governi Thurmond have not caused a very visible sensation—and the minds of the people generally have not been much excited by the event—*quite a rest of the gaslight* from which the reverend orator drew the inference, that the descendants of Hugo Governi, Bacon, and Whalley, three other members of the same Parliament, were also guilty of the murder of the "Martyr King." Charles was beheaded on the 30th of January, 1649.

Virginia Election.—The election for Members of Congress and State Legislature took place in Virginia and Ohio on the 27th ult. In Mr. Gholson's district, Congress seats, is reelected to Congress—no opposition.—In the district of Mr. Gholson, Mr. Goode, the Whig candidate, was elected over Cullen (Whig) by the other gentleman, Mr. Goode, by 300 majority, in the county 37—Cullen (Whig) had about 300 majority, in the county 37—Goode (Dem.) opposed to U. S. Bank, the failure of Saturday evening, 24th, in no doubt elected over Garland (Conservative). In the Legislature there is a gain for the Whigs. Mr. Gholson is a member of the Convention at Petersburg and two in Frederick, and a loss of one in Ohio.

Mont Sounds.—We learn by the Montreal Herald of the 20th inst. that an officer of the 24th Hussars, who came passenger in the British Queen, was the bearer of despatches from the British Government, to Mr. Fox, requesting his presence at Washington, on the 4th inst. and in the event of a refusal to ask for his passport. The despatches were of a pacific character, and were made so as to the decisive measures of England, it states that Lord Ashburton was empowered to take command of the troops in Canada in the event of a war.

A Heavy Building.—The Natchez Free Trader of the 20th inst. says:—We learn that twenty-four bales of hemp, lately sold with the produce of the Western States, were stolen out of the store of the great Father of Waters, and that the thieves, from night o'clock in the morning, carried away the whole of the property, and that they have to have passed during the last twenty-four hours. Persons will be on the look out for the thieves.

The Tribune to Louis Philippe.—A Paris letter-writer of the New York Commercial, in announcing the death of the Duke of Orleans, says:—"Among the future fates of two thousand cautious and fourteen hostile votes, the Tribune has sent a letter of condolence to Louis Philippe. I hope it may prove successful, for the unpopularity of George Sand has spoiled the pacific image of the servants of the Republic.

Connecticut Guess.—The editor of the New London Journal says there are more than three hundred unmarried ladies, between the ages of sweet 16 and dignified 30, in that city, all of them accomplished and beautiful! What a chance for a domestic speculation. A single gentleman must be an idiot to take half a dozen of them, if sent free, consigned to his custody.

President Mailing.—The gentlemen, who is President of Dartmouth University, and whose literary reputations are well known, cause passenger in the Great Western, on her last voyage abroad, had been chosen among the literary and scientific institutions of Europe, to receive copies of the Transactions of our learned societies. The graphic touches of his pen.

An Aged Negro.—A Madrid paper mentions that a negro died in that city, who possessed a document dated at the age of one hundred and nine. She was born in 1731, during the reign of Philip V. and was in full possession at the age of fourteen, under her profession at the time of the death of Charles III. in 1788.

Trenton Solicitation.—The solicitation at Trenton N. J., on Thursday last, are said to have been of a very interesting character, while about 1,000 persons were present.

Washington's Trial.—The Indian, Wapmetuck was tried at St. Louis, on the 13th ult. for the murder of Patsy, a Kickapoo Indian, and found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment in the Penitentiary for life. Death is the punishment for murder in the second degree, and he was made punishable with confinement in the Penitentiary for a period of two years. He was, accordingly, sent to the penitentiary for two years. Forty-two kinds of crimes are punishable with confinement in the Penitentiary from periods varying from two to fifty years.

The Water Procuring Valve.—This wonderful invention of native genius, the English paper says, is enlisting in the town of Rodden. His name is Thomas Hall, a native of Rodden, 70 years of age, of healthy appearance, and quick apprehension, three feet three inches high, and all his life has been a water procurer by trade, and the palms of his hands, is entirely covered with hard skin, which has enabled him to do his work with facetiae. He sheds them gradually, but, apparently without pain, and they are soon succeeded by others, which gradually grow to the same length and hardness. He has a wife of Welsh parents, in the parish of Kilsheila, Pembrokeshire.

The Temperance Reform in Boston progresses.—Another Fire Company has resolved to forego the usual libations on Friday evening, when a young Irishman from the country was called on to sing a song, and instead of singing a song, he sang a hymn, and instead of the usual toasts, he gave a toast, and he received the thanks of the company.

Appointments by the President.—Official.—Thomas Bayard, of Delaware, to be District Attorney for Arkansas. John G. Miller, to be Postmaster at Columbus, Ohio. Orrin Guilford, to be Attorney for the District of Illinois.

Death Durable, Naval Officer at New Orleans, Virginia.

Henry Sterling, Receiver of Public Money for the District of Detroit, Michigan. Joel Turrill, Marshal for the District of Wisconsin, vice Paschall Beaumont.

Fire at Cape May.—The Lodge of the ship Neptune, that when he was at least three hundred miles E. S. E. from any continent, a common swan flew on board, and succeeded several times in circling the ship, and then flew off, as often blown off, and at last was blown clear away in a southerly direction. It was supposed that the bird had been driven from the land, and displayed so much skill and strength in keeping down upon the vessel, as to be enabled to take advantage of the strong wind, in leaving down upon the vessel, as the only means of preserving its life.

New York Institution for the Blind.—Fourteen pupils graduated at this institution on Tuesday evening last, attended a meeting in the Assembly Chamber, at Albany, on Wednesday evening, and a large number of citizens being present. The examination of the pupils occupied the whole day, from nine o'clock in the morning to five in the afternoon, and was conducted by the Principal of the Institution, and a number of gentlemen appointed by the Legislature for the purpose. The exercises were highly creditable to the pupils, and to the Institution, and were listened to with much interest by the audience.

Improvements.—There have been several new and magnificent steamboats placed on the Hudson river this season. None of them have the offensive smoke pipes each proving up from their decks, which give them a very light appearance, and which are also a great annoyance. Competition between them is carried to the highest pitch. The Knickerbocker from New York and Albany, a distance of 156 miles, has been reduced to $1.00, at which price the boats are now running daily.

The President Steamer.—A printed sheet was issued on board the steamer Princeton on Saturday, to be an extract from the log book of the Thomas Cope, the pilot boat which escorted the body from the city of the President. The author of the celebrated "Log of the Princeton" is supposed to be Judge of Gold. We have not a copy of the publication before us, but we have been informed that it contains a number of very humorous articles, and that the whole is a Liverpool packet. The President is, no doubt, safe.

A Mail Robbery.—The Albany Argus of Saturday last, 24th, remarks that the mail for New York, which left that city on board the North America, was cut open and robbed of a number of letters. The circumstance, we believe, was brought to express from Stuyvesant, where the boat was last spoken, and, at the opening of the letters have been taken, or whether money or drafts, is not known.

Mint Burning on the Frontier.—On Saturday night, the 10th ult. "The Gothic Cottage Inn," opposite Fort Gratiot, on the St. Clair River, was destroyed by an incendiary. The whole was the property of Capt. Ward, of Detroit, who, with his family, was on board the steamer, on the same property, were also burned by an incendiary fire, on the night of the 15th inst.

Presidential Despatch.—Duncan Kennedy was convicted in Baltimore, on Thursday, week, of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years. Decently for at least, The prisoner is not yet fifteen years old. It appears that he was in the habit of skating, with a bucket, and, upon seeing him fall, went up and asked him if he was hurt, and then struck him with the bucket.

Shipwreck.—The ship Sarah Dow, of Boston, Captain Baldwin, from Liverpool for Boston, went ashore on Cape Cod, on the night of the 20th inst. Week. The foremast is gone, and she is in a very dangerous situation. The ship is a valuable one, being nearly new, and cost $30,000. She has a cargo on board of 800 tons.

Wesleyan Missionaries.—A late English paper says that the Wesleyan Methodists have no less than 150 missionaries in the field, and that the contributions of the schools under the supervision of those missionaries, during the last year, for the support of their missionary funds within the last year were nearly $100,000.

The Mode of Conducting it.

The prosperous bring for a long time dispersed the doubts of foreign and domestic capitalists, and the rise in the country have determined, without altogether neglecting the Stock Exchange, to direct their main and chief attention to the English periodicals, and they have made arrangements for the receipt of the earliest news, and the most correct information in advance of every contemporary. The editors will also be ready to vote to the best American ideas about, going, and the Mississippi, and the Ohio, and the Missouri. We shall still continue the plan of giving original stories from the pens of popular writers. The well known Author of "Cruising in the Last War," opened the volume with a tale of the sea, and we have secured another from the same for the old, a number of new Contributors will enrich the volume with choice and original matter, and nothing in order that the SATURDAY EVENING POST may maintain its high position as

First Family Newspaper

of the United States, arrangements have been made for a regular supply of choice and original matter.

Original Tales.

historical sketches, poetry, &c. We have been publishing Parley's Lighthouse, and shall continue to publish original tales from the pens of the most popular writers.

The News Department.

While it shall be the care of the proprietors to promote the best interests of literature, they will not neglect the more substantial interests of the country. The Saturday Evening Post has been for a family newspaper, a carefully selected news department, and will be found to contain the latest news of every kind. While nothing of note that is passing either in the Old World or the New, will escape notice, a careful selection is made for our readers, a due regard shall be paid to the character of the matter, that the paper may be well suited for the purpose introduced and read by the whole family.

The Ladies' Department

will still be carefully attended to, and the fashions and all matters which interest the fair sex, will be found in the Saturday Evening Post. It shall be the effort of the editors to render it a welcome visitor to the domestic circle, and to secure the SATURDAY EVENING POST may maintain its high position as a

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life.
That gives it all its flavor.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

Mondages.

BY AMELIA, OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I wandered out one moonlight night, 'twas when my years were five,
The leaves were singing in the light, and I was singing too;
The moonbeams lay upon the hill, the shadows in the vale,
And here and there a leaping rill was laughing on the gale.

One fleecy cloud upon the air was all that met my eyes—
Its snowy folds all angel there between me and the skies—
I stopped my hands and watched still as here and there I flew.

For I was but a careless child, and did as children do.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea in height and glittering bands,
Like little children wild with glee they linked their dimpled hands.

They linked their hands—but ere I caught their sprinkled fingers o'er,
They kissed my feet, and quick as thought away the ripples bore.

The twilight hours like birds flew by, as lightly and as free,
And thousand stars were in the sky, yet thousand in the sea;
For every wave with dimpled cheek, that leaped upon the air,
All

had caught a star in its embrace and held it trembling there.

The young moon, too, with upturned skiff, sailed her mirror'd sea,
As I, with my reflected self, was playing merrily.

And as I sang at sunset vales, she rode upon the wave,
That sea was like the heaven above, so perfect and so wide,
How else it seemed to thrill with love, so thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves, by spirit-visions stirr'd, made murmurs on the air,
Low murmurs, like my heart and mine'd with a mother's prayer.

Fell upon the dewy sod, beside the mossing seat,
I listened at first to warning God, and sang each strain to them.

The flowers, all folded to their dreams, were bowed to their queen,
By honey hills and murmuring streams, where'er they chanced to be.
He gently rose that they to weep, no sins to be forgiven;
They sinned their eyes and went to sleep, right in the first hour of even.

No costly raiment round them shone, no jewels from the mine,
But flowers that no thrones was ne'er strayed like these,
And just as free from guile and art, were lovely human flowers.

The flowers are but blooming heart on this far world of ours.

I heard the laughing children's shout, I saw their sunny curls,
I never heard such sounds before, and never shall again.

Then what they were such strains as those, and sang them for
their queen.

When every bird upon the breeze can sing a sweeter lay?
I'd give the world for their sweet art, the simple, the divine;
I'd give the world to melt one heart as they have melted mine.

Mr. O'Leary's Wedding.

Told by himself.

"You shall hear, ma'am, the story is a very short one. It is not about eighty years ago, I was strolling through the south of France, and had just reached Lyons, where the confounded pavement, that sticks up like pleasant, with the sewers upward, had compelled me to rest some days and recruit; for the purpose I installed myself in the premises of Madame Gregoroi, Rue de Petits Carreau, a quiet house—where we dined at twelve, ten or twenty upon about two pounds of stewed beef, with garlic and currants—a light soup, being the water in which accompanied the same to render it tender in stewing—and a bottle of wine, which, as an omelette, with a pint bottle of Benaise, fine quality, I believe —species of pyrolgneous wine made from the vine stalks, but pleasant with sugar and water—a salad; then we played dominos in the evening, or what for some points, reading altogether a very quiet and virtuous existence, as Madame herself expressed it, 'une vie tout-a-fait patriarchale;' of this I cannot myself affirm how far she was right in supposing the patriarchs did exactly like us. But so proceed, in the same establishment there lived a widow whose name husband had been a wine merchant at Dijon—he had also, I suppose from residing in that country, been imitating the patriarchs, for he died one day. Well, the lady was delayed at Lyons for some law business, and thus it came to pass that her husband's treasurer and the attorney having access in the streets determined we should be acquainted. I cannot express to you the delight of my fair country-woman at finding that a person who spoke English had arrived at the 'pension'—a feeling I myself somewhat participated in; for to my mind, I had been in a very great part of the continent in French. We soon became intimate, in less time probably than it would otherwise have happened, for I was a young man of all the vivacity of one word of English, I was enabled during dinner to say many of the kind of things, which, on one occasion usually ventures on in company.

"I resounded my travels, and told various adventures of my wanderings, till at last, from being somewhat wearied, I found that my fair friend began to be interested in my narratives, and frequently put a question or two to me; for, I have seen a tree in the corner of her eye: in a word, 'she loved me for the dangers I had passed,' as Othello says, 'and I loved her that she did pity them.' Is not the telling true?" At this part of Mr. O'Leary's story we all found it impossible to withstand the long cross mock honour of his face and tone, and laughed loud and long. When we at length became serious he resumed—" Before three weeks had passed over, I had proposed and was accepted; and your own way, Mr. Lorrequer, taking the bull at the bar, the very same way you did at Chelsea, the day the lady jilted you, and run off with your friend Mr. Waller; I read it all in the news, though I was then in Rome—from the papers I had sent them—interruption by a laugh, not, however, at Mr. O'Leary's expense. 'I got him a most amusing book, while he continued—" the settlements were soon drawn up, and consisted of the usual fantastic decoumits, of a series of 'guins and consumissions,' that, after we was not to have any life stronger than kiwsh wasser, or Nasta brasky; and I finished upon six pounds a week, pocket money, and so on: but to proceed, the lady being a good Catholic, insisted upon being married by a priest of her own persuasion, for the performance of the ceremony at the British embassy in Paris; to this I could offer no objection, and were accordingly united in the holy bonds the same morning, she signing for the first time.

"Then, Mr. O'Leary, you are really a married man.

"That's the very point I'm coming to, sir, replied Mr. O'Leary, with a look of much gravity; and they never can agree. But you shall hear." I despatched a polite note to Bishop Luscombe, and made every arrangement for the ceremony, to occur, mark a quarter in the Rue Helder, near the Champs Elysees, and forward with anxiety for the day which was to make me happy; for our marriage in Lyons was merely what the Scots call 'Gretna.' Now, my fair friend had but one difficulty remaining, poor dear soul—I refrain from mentioning her name for delicacy sake; but poor dear Mrs. Ram could not bear the sea—even business to Paris in the same conveyance, for long as she had lived abroad, she had avoided every thing French, even the language, so she could not speak it, and was in a state of the most terrific nervousness at the prospect of the journey from Lyons to Paris. Now, I'm not of the nature of a fine gentleman, who, because he has had a few duels with swords to make his supper; for our marriage in Lyons was more than double my income.